

WAYSIDE NOTES.

Gathered By Mr. Bird During His
Sojourn in the Mining District
of Sahuaripa.—Amus-
ing Incidents.

Friday evening, April 26th, THE OASIS man started from Nogales for a trip to Campo Santo Niño, beyond the Yaqui river in the Sahuaripa district of Sonora, where are located the big mines of the Yaqui Copper Company. At Hermosillo the train was boarded by Colonel W. P. Harlow, the general manager for that company, and his secretary, Mr. Walter J. N. McCurdy. At Torres there was in readiness a special car of the Torres & Prietas Railway for special conveyance of the party to La Colorada. At the latter place Mr. J. W. Goodman had in readiness a four-horse team and carriage into which were loaded the three travelers and their belongings, and within a half hour after arrival of the train the start was made for Matape, the point nineteen leagues distant where a stop for the night was made, and we changed our mode of conveyance from the carriage to saddle animals.

At La Colorada Colonel Harlow learned that the preceding day an ex-employee of the company had left the town with one of the company's mules in his possession, and he was on the lookout for it. At Mazatan we learned that a "Griego borracho" was in the town with two mules. Looking him up, Harlow found the property and that both mules bore the company's brand, and he forthwith took possession. One of the mules McCurdy had ridden upon a former trip to Campo Santo Niño, and he and the mule both seemed greatly pleased to meet each other again. At Harlow's suggestion he willingly saddled the mule and rode her the rest of the way to Matape.

Reaching Matape at nine o'clock at night, we put up at the hotel of Don Jesus Aguirre, where we found Mr. Marshall P. Wright, who was en route to Hermosillo, and went into La Colorada the following day by the same carriage that had brought us out.

Sunday morning Don Jesus devoted his time and attention to securing pack and saddle animals and a *mozo* for our party. With the mules recaptured the preceding day, Harlow and McCurdy were already provided, but there had to be a saddle animal for the scribe, and three others to pack the baggage and carry the *mozo*, a very likely boy engaged by Don Jesus to lookout and care for our *caballada*. We got an early start and made up the Puerto de Matape, a pass through the Matape mountains, Harlow riding the mule which had shared McCurdy's former journey, and thereby hangs a tale.

Harlow and THE OASIS man were riding in the lead, his mule ambling along at a two-league-per-hour gait, when suddenly Harlow's mule sank under him and lay apparently collapsed. Thinking her suffering from congestion, Harlow whipped out a knife, opened a blade and made three slits in her

mouth to bleed her. After a few minutes McCurdy rode up and suggested that the mule be given some whisky. Acting immediately upon the suggestion, Harlow ordered the *mozo* to unpack one of his animals, and from a case of bottled goods in the load there was produced a quart of whisky. Pulling the cork and lifting up the nose of the animal, the neck of the bottle was inserted into one of her nostrils and the entire contents

"It wasn't me who taught her all these things," said McCurdy, "it was the man from whom you took her yesterday."

At the end of about ten miles the mule again laid down. Said Harlow:

"No, you don't, old girl. You fooled me twice already, and have drank two quarts of my good whiskey. You get no more. And from here into Suaqui a spur is the only stimulant you can get"—and it was.



poured down her throat. Within five minutes she arose, shook herself and was ready for the road, as if nothing had happened. The Colonel mounted and we resumed our journey.

At the end of about ten miles further along the road the Colonel's mule again collapsed. Again McCurdy suggested whisky; again was the pack unloaded, another quart poured down her throat through her nostril, and again was she upon her feet ready for business. Before mounting Harlow turned to McCurdy and said:

"Now, Walter, this comes from association with you. When I loaned you this mule two months ago she was a nice, well-behaved, sober, industrious mule, with good morals and most exemplary habits. And look at her now. Observe the dissipated air she has. There is a gleam in her eye like that of a Monte Carlo saloon singer. I shouldn't be surprised at any moment to hear her sing 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,' or to break into the steps of a skirt dance; and I wonder what else there is disreputable that you haven't taught her."

It was dusk when we reached Suaqui de Batuc, and we went straightway to the house of Mr. M. M. Maldonado, one of the principal merchants in the town, who also provides for all travelers. Mr. Maldonado has heretofore received mention in these columns, and his uniform courtesy and attention to the wants and needs of foreigners visiting his town are known far and wide.

At Suaqui we found Dr. A. C. Wright, and in honor of his and our arrival they gave a baile and invited to attend all the elite of the neighborhood. We were too tired to attend, and McCurdy was the only one of our party who graced the occasion. He remained but a little while.

When McCurdy came in we had a great scare. Immediately after supper Harlow had laid down upon one of two cots in the room assigned to him and the scribe. Before going to sleep he called to McCurdy to give him the "wad," which was done, and the Colonel thrust it under the pillow of the other cot—the one which I was to occupy. The "wad" contained about ten thousand dollars in bank of Sonora bills which

the Colonel had brought out to meet the pay roll at the mine, and other expenses. I was aware of the fact but paid little attention to what was done with it, as I was busy writing. The Colonel went to sleep and I kept on with my writing. When I was ready to retire I dragged my cot out from behind the Colonel's to the outer corner of the room where there was an open door in each wall, giving me an abundance of air. I changed the pillow to the other end of the cot, but I did not recall the "wad" under the mattress. I fell asleep, and shortly afterward I was awakened by the Colonel, who had missed the cot where he had put the "wad" and was roaring about it. Neither Walter nor Dr. Wright knew exactly what was the matter, although Walter gathered that the money was missing. He had thought all along that Harlow had put it under his own pillow. I sleepily recalled at once that it should be under mine, and I raised my pillow to get it. I was paralyzed to find that it was not there. In an instant I was thoroughly awake and hunting for the money. I knew that when the money was finally located it would be traced to my possession, and now I had it not. Harlow continued to call for that other cot, and Dr. Wright, who had not comprehended the seriousness of the situation, commenced joshing him about "losing a cot." And McCurdy flew around like a chicken with its head cut off, while I pawed over the head of my cot like mad. Finally it dawned upon my mind that I had changed ends, I fished the "wad" from under the foot of the mattress and quiet reigned again. The only man in the crowd who was not frightened to his wit's end was Dr. Wright, and he was thoroughly mystified until the "wad" was produced and an explanation given of its contents.

Monday morning we received a call from Mr. Henry King, who has bonded to Mr. J. L. Shepard the Copper Prince property, which we had passed on the trail the day before.

One of the most pleased men in Suaqui was Don Santos Coronado, presidente of the town, to whom Colonel Harlow had brought a fine silver-headed cane, as a token of appreciation and esteem, and as a slight return for the many kindnesses shown by the official.

Before starting Colonel Harlow had been quite ill and was really in no condition to make so hard a journey, and as a result he was suffering severely from neuralgia when we reached Suaqui, and Monday morning he was still under the weather, so we did not continue the journey to the camp but remained at Suaqui until Tuesday morning. I took advantage of the opportunity to circulate about the town and renew acquaintances made in former visits. With Colonel Harlow I called upon Mr. F. Arvizu, a prominent merchant, and we received a cordial reception. Mr. Arvizu has recently occupied a new and commodious building specially constructed for him. It occupies a prominent location, and